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THE CRAYON.

NEW YORK, JUNE 27, 1855.

Sketchings.

WITH this number we close our first volume. We desire to return our most sincere thanks to the public for a reception which has more than fulfilled our highest hopes, and to the press particularly for a cordial encouragement which has been of material assistance to us.

We have had, perhaps, unusual difficulties to encounter, entering, as we have, the field of journalism without previous experience, and in a department of literature almost untried among us, in which co-laborers were to be evoked as from a vasty deep. In consequence of this want of contributors, there has been an amount of labor thrown on the editors which scarcely permitted them to do themselves, or the subjects, full justice—and, in many points, the consequences of haste have been most painfully evident in the neglect of that attention to form which respect to our public demands. We are happy to believe that such short-comings have been overlooked by our readers, in consideration of the circumstances, and that our intentions have been appreciated more fully than we had a right to hope.

We deprecate strictly literary criticism. THE CRAYON is a journal of the heart; and, though among its contributors may be found a few minds of scholarly attainments, the greater portion are those who have learned to see and feel, and thence to utter their feelings rather with reference to substance than form; and we believe that in its pages will be found many gems which will be taken uncut at their true worth. We believe that it can be said truly, that in its range it has done good. We have received many private letters, encouraging in the highest degree, from those who acknowledge a stimulus given by it to their better faculties, as well as from thinkers who recognize the truth of our aim, and the correctness of the principles in which we pursue the Beautiful. From such letters we quote a few passages:—

Not that I presume to understand Art, or hardly expect ever to be more than a humble worshipper in the great outer vestibule of creation, but I can feel that THE CRAYON gives the right view of it, revealing Nature to the heart as well as the eye; and for what it has already taught me in the matter of *using my eyes*, I cannot sufficiently express my thanks.

I wanted to write, chiefly for the purpose of telling you how much I liked your article in last week's CRAYON on "The Artist's Standard." I think you have treated a difficult subject with force and truth. Your article is a vigorous assertion of a fundamental principle in Art and Literature, in all human effort, indeed, and yet one, hitherto, for the most part, neglected, sometimes denied. It is on the recognition of the moral element in Art as its highest element, that as it seems to me the progress of Art depends. There may never be finer colorists than the Venetians; we may never see finer compositions than Raphaels, but we shall see no nobler pictures than Titian or Raphael ever painted or dreamed of, because, given equal powers of coloring and drawing (and I do not believe that such powers are the possession of the men of only one century), we shall have pictures painted by men whose imaginations are refined, whose conceptions are ennobled by their sense of the moral relations of their Art, and of the responsibilities under which they work. * * * Our common criticism has dealt with the outward expression, with the Material, not with the Spiritual. And how plainly the rejection of the principle that a work is to be judged not alone by its execution, but by its motive, its spirit

—how plainly and how fatally this has told on our modern schools, upon popular taste, and even upon cultivated judgment!

* * * I do not say this lightly, for I see that the spirit in which you conduct your journal is, indeed, very different from that with which such periodicals are generally managed, and I look for very great good from your influence over your countrymen.—John Ruskin.

Some time ago I received your new Art Journal, THE CRAYON, and my reason for not acknowledging it instantly was this—I found the journal so interesting in its bearing altogether—its views—its principles and sentiments, to say nothing of the article relating to my husband's picture of "The Temptation," that I suggested to one of the reviewers here (Paris), to make mention of this new publication, as a testimony of sympathy and gratitude on the part of the French Press, but unluckily, I applied to a dilatory member, who not only neglected the whole matter, but has mislaid the journal, and I am in despair at the loss. I will beg of you to enable me to become a subscriber from the commencement. I should so much enjoy perusing regularly a work of the sort, emerging from your distant regions—whose main object is the culture of Art, and which promises to be handled with lofty feeling and skillful grace. Above all, secure to me the first number, for you must easily imagine the high value I place upon that article on Scheffer's painting, and believe me it is not merely because his endeavors, as an artist, have been appreciated, but because it is a master-piece of literature, comprising at once the minutest and grandest perceptions of religious, moral, and philosophical influences.—Madame Ary Scheffer.

Nor has THE CRAYON existed without a certain literary result. It has called into the field of letters a class of contributors of whom our public knew almost nothing—the artists; and the names of Durand, Huntington, Peale, and others, give it a weight in artistic matters which no other journal has ever had. Some of our leading poets have given their thoughts for its pages; and of foreign contributors we may mention Ruskin, Miss Howitt, Rossetti, John Bell Scott, and, we have good reason to hope, Kaulbach, Ary Scheffer, and others of the leading artists of the age. This, it will be admitted, is no mean result of a six months' existence—to link in our new-world enterprise the names of the greatest worth and weight in the two hemispheres, securing for our artistic education the teachings of the intellect of all enlightened nations; and, when to this we add that, to the names not strictly artistic, of Bryant, Lowell, Street, Henry, and others less widely known, we have the promise of co-operation of OSGOOD, BEECHER, BELLOW, H. W. LONGFELLOW, CURTIS, BAYARD TAYLOR, CHAS. SUMNER, and other eminent thinkers, in our future numbers, we are sure we venture nothing in promising in THE CRAYON a journal of great and peculiar value to the public.

With such assistance we hope, also, to be able to make our own share of the labor more effective and satisfactory. Renewing our expressions of gratitude to the warm friends our undertaking has found, we promise unflinching diligence for the future, and a constant endeavor to make THE CRAYON deserve still more fully the influence it has acquired, and the encouragement it has met with.

A MONUMENT is about being erected in Greenwood Cemetery for the Pierpont family. The design is Gothic, by R. Upjohn and Co.

MR. HENRY K. BROWN has just completed a monumental bas-relief, representing an angel descending with a child; it is full of grace and exquisite feeling.

NEWSPAPER CRITICISM OF THE FINE ARTS.

We were not a little surprised to read the other day in THE CRAYON, a weekly journal published in this city, and exclusively devoted to the culture of the Fine Arts, an article entitled "Newspaper Critics," whose spirit we think unfortunate, and from which we extract the following sentence, in which the italics are our own:

"It is a pity that *The Tribune* and *Times* consider it incumbent on them to furnish notices of pictures, &c. The excellence with which they do *those things which come in their proper provinces* gives a weight to their criticisms even when, as this year, they are only vague opinions unsupported by reasons."

Nothing is further from our present purpose than to answer or criticise the article in question. If THE CRAYON's remarks had been confined to strictures upon the articles on Art which have appeared from time to time in *The Tribune*, *Times*, *Independent*, and other city journals, or to an examination of them, merely, in whatever spirit it might have been conducted, of course there would have been no need to say anything in these columns on the matter.

Our only object, therefore, in speaking of this article in THE CRAYON is, to discuss the principle which is involved in the sentence we have quoted from it at the head of our paper—a principle which we believe to be of great importance, and which is in jeopardy of being seriously misunderstood. Let us look at it a little.

Why, we ask, is it a pity that any of the leading newspapers should think it incumbent on them to furnish criticisms on pictures, statues, and works of Art in general? For our part we are unable to see, and we are sure that it would have been a just cause of regret to many of their subscribers, and to the whole body of artists, if these journals had omitted all notice of the Academy Exhibitions from year to year. It would have been another lamentable proof of that *indifference* which we have repeatedly exclaimed against as one of the worst foes Art has to contend with in this country. And if it be asked "What! would you then rather have ignorant criticism than silence?" We answer, "Most certainly; because criticism, even when ignorant, stirs the waters, and is activity of some sort, better a hundred times than indifference and inaction."

But we are told that these matters *do not lie within the province of the newspaper*. The answer to this is plain; that the newspaper ought not to have any exclusive province, outside of which it cannot work. The whole field of human interests, pursuits, and enterprise lies open before it, and the best paper is not that which confines itself to any one of these topics, nor to any dozen of them, but that which draws to itself the contributions of men working in every field to enrich its store, and as its wealth increases, adds continually to its domain. The great evil of our daily papers is the extent to which the principle we are opposing is actually carried—politics and gossip being apparently thought more worthy of attention than Art, Literature, and Science. But this is far less the case with the best journals than with the inferior sort, and the greater the variety of subjects discussed the higher the reputation of any newspaper will inevitably rise. *The Tribune* and *Times* think it incumbent on them to furnish criticisms of books, dramatic performances, and music—why should they omit notices of pictures and statues?

Let us take an illustration from *The Tribune*, and ask the reader if he does not think its numerous able and popular essays on agriculture have gone further, and had a wider influence than they could possibly have had if confined to the circulation of an ordinary horticultural or agricultural magazine? Take its amusing and hearty attacks upon the Washington Monument, and the statues of Clark Mills. Could any mere Art journal have opened the eyes of so many people to the ugliness of those erections? If we had any subject of great importance to urge with the public—the building of a new City Hall, the laying out of a Public Park, the erection of a National Monument—where should we go to get the largest and most intelligent learning? We,

* Misprint for "hearing," we presume.—EDS. CRAYON.

to the newspaper, of course, and to the newspaper that has the largest circulation, not to an elegant special journal that, beside artists and professional men, gains the ear chiefly of the few cultured people among us, and litters their drawing-room tables for a week.

The above occurred some time since in *The Independent*, and would have been noticed earlier, but for the pressure of business demanding immediate attention. The point at issue is entirely misunderstood, either from want of clearness in our article, or for some other reason. We said, and still insist, that it is a pity that the papers in question, or any other papers devoted to the outside matters of the world, "should consider it *incumbent* on them to furnish notices of pictures," &c. We did not say it was a pity that they should give us articles on Art, or on the exhibitions, if they saw fit, and could give us such as should worthily take place in those papers, but that they should consider that there was a necessity to do it, and that this necessity demands inferior notices, rather than none. We wish, most sincerely, that Art were considered a thing of so great importance, as to be entitled to a large place even in our daily journals, but, since it is not, those who really love Art would generally, we believe, prefer to have the papers ignore it, in its finer relations, to discussing it without sufficient knowledge. The most difficult thing in Art literature, is to write a criticism on individual works, demanding a correct application of the fundamental principles of Art to particular forms. It is all very well to rush into it with independence, and slash boldly about, stabbing some one of a sensitive race with every cut, and even, in so doing, to say many just and excellent things, but to administer criticism, in particular cases, with the best general effect, is quite another thing. It does not follow that because a man is thoroughly conversant with anatomy and the principles of pathology, that he is competent to prescribe for the sick. He may do so with success, but he is more likely to do injury, unless he be thoroughly experienced. Now, there may be men connected with all the above papers who are competent to discuss the principles of Art, but it does not follow that they can criticise well. Again, a statement of a principle can be examined and its truth tested, while the expression of an opinion of the merits of a work of Art, takes effect precisely in proportion to the judgment accorded to the giver of it, so that while we would gladly see all our newspapers give a corner occasionally to the discussion of principles, we regret every attempt at criticism which we can recollect in the past course of our newspapers.

It is true that the necessity of class journals is, to a great extent, obviated by the range now taken by some of our papers; but we still recognize broad distinctions of domain. The *Tribune* scarcely attempts to enter into strictly religious discussions, though in many directions it keeps a praiseworthy watchfulness over the public morality, and the *Independent* would, doubtless, be met by a general clamor were it to interfere in the family quarrel of Whig vs. Democrat. Why is this? "Out of your pro-

vince" would be the cry of the whole country. The daily paper holds a wide empire, but it only adds provinces to its own by the *course of empire*—conquering and occupying. When it has conquered the realm of Art, it will be in its province there, not before. When the articles on the Crimean campaign appeared in the *Tribune*, to whom did we look for the endorsement of their worth? To military men and military class papers, of course. The *Tribune* had conquered the province, and when it, or the *Independent*, shall have performed a like work for Art, and artists concede it the empire, it will find no more willing or loyal adherents than the editors of THE CRAYON.

There have been since the publication of the article from which the above extracts were taken, several allusions to strictures on the articles by Clarence Cook, charging personal motive, &c. Though innuendoes are not in our line, and it might seem like going out of our way to reply to them, for the sake of good feeling we beg to disclaim all personal feeling in anything we have said of anybody. There does not live either artist or critic who could call us wittingly from the straightforward path we have marked out for ourselves. We are aware that the judgment of man is as often warped by affection, as by aversion, and while we have some friendships to take care for in forming our opinions, we have no enmities whatever, or unkindly feeling towards any living creature. We did not attack Clarence Cook, but *his attacks* on artists older, wiser than he, and equally earnest and conscientious—attacks we thought unjustifiable, and calculated to do much injury. For all that he has to say that is good we have attentive ears, but that which is the reverse we shall endeavor to repel with all the more energy that it comes endorsed by all the weight and influence of *The Independent*, and while we regret any necessity for such discussions, we shall, in all future cases, act just as we have in this.

MISS ELIZA HENSLE.—We had the pleasure, a week ago last Saturday evening, of witnessing the *début* of Miss Eliza Hensler, at the Academy of Music. We enjoyed it, for it is an enjoyment to be present on an occasion like this, where a young, enthusiastic artist makes a first appearance before an audience whom she hopes to delight with her Art in future years. The newspapers all report the *début* successful, and we endorse the report. We have no technical knowledge of music, and do not criticise professionally, but so far as our feelings enable us to judge, we were especially delighted with the quality of voice, artistic skill, and her appreciation of the sentiment of the music she sang.

The school to which Miss Hensler belongs appear to us to be that which expresses the delicate shades of feeling characteristic of true Italian music, and this reminds us that we think it in the highest degree desirable that our public should learn to distinguish between Art of a refined and subtle character, and that boisterous ranting school, like the music of Verdi, for instance, so much applauded and admired

in our popular artists, by those who fancy they see in the mere theatrical display of vocal power, the highest expression of dramatic sentiment. In addition to refined feeling, Miss Hensler also possesses dramatic perceptions, which, with her voice, only require for their full development, familiarity with the stage, and that physical force which comes with time and practice. Miss Hensler is young, of pleasing face and person, and has a fine voice; these, with love for her Art, and an organization sensitive to its subtlest impression, make up a great capital for future success.

We notice with a feeling of gratification belonging to our boyhood, that NIBLO's is again open and in the full tide of its summer success. We are not yet of the "oldest inhabitants" of the city, but we are old enough to speak of *Niblo's Garden* as it was years ago—and, if we ever do become aged, we will think of it then as we are glad to say of it now, as one of the most delightful places of amusement this city ever afforded. If its worthy proprietor outlives the pleasant memories associated with his name in the pleasure-history of New York, he will rival the fame of Methuselah for his abundance of years.

We are permitted to make the following extracts from a letter to a gentleman of this city, by a friend in Europe, and a passenger in the Atlantic on her last trip out:

We were very fortunate in having beautiful weather during the first half of our voyage. As sea-sickness is one of the most interesting circumstances belonging to every *first* voyage, you will doubtless be curious to know how your friend fared in that respect. Know, then, that I, and, at least, two hundred others, paid the usual tribute to the Sea. My sickness was of no very terrible character, nor did I at any time feel the least disposition to cast myself into the ocean, as we hear so many say is the common feeling of a sea-sick person. After twelve or fifteen hours of discomfort, I was quite myself again, and capable of enjoying with a renewed sense the pleasure of simple existence, the splendid sunshine, pure air, and the sparkling water. Just after we crossed the Banks, we were fortunate in seeing an uncommonly fine display of icebergs. In the course of one morning we saw at least forty. They were of all manner of shapes and sizes, the longest being estimated 200 feet above the water, which, according to the usual computation (one-third out), would indicate a depth of 400 feet below the surface. I said "all manner of shapes"—I should say they were of all manner of *mountain* shapes, for in the distance they appeared exactly like mountains covered with snow. They have scarcely any of the opalescent hue, with which I had always fancied them; they are opaque and snowy, and look more like fractured marble than anything else. The danger of collision with these fearful floating rocks is much greater than I imagined.

After we left the icebergs there came on a blow which, in the course of a day or two, increased to a magnificent gale. It began on Monday, and reached its height on Wednesday night. During the night the two fore-sails (set to keep the ship steady) were blown into ribbons: soon after a sea struck the iron life-boat suspended on the weather quarter, and tore and crushed it as if it had been made of paper: half the time, by the rolling of the ship, one wheel would be entirely out of water, and sometimes it would

be buried, so that the top of the paddle-box would be entirely under. And, every now and then, as the bow would dive into a great wave, its cap would flow over like a miniature Niagara, pour down from the fore-castle, and rush in a torrent aft through the gangways. The evening before, the scene at sunset was magnificent, beyond description. Just before the sun reached the horizon, it burst from the massive clouds and flooded the great waves of the distance with mellow golden light, looking wonderfully like distant mountain ridges bathed in a warm sunset; the near waves were vast dark hill-sides of blackish green, which, as they heaved up their mighty bulk and culminated, seemed to threaten to overwhelm us with their enormous weight and volume. As the caps broke, they were hurled off by the gale, flashing and sparkling like gems in the rich sunset colors, the foam rolling pure blue down the vessel's dark sides. During this gale, it was the only time I saw anything like majesty or sublimity in the sea; its fair-weather aspect, owing to a limited horizon and the absence of any object for the eye to rest on, soon becomes tame and monotonous."

BEARD AND COSTUME.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—I have an important suggestion to offer on the subject of Beard and Costume.

You may think that any suggestion comes with little authority from me—a "Humble Bee." You may say that I belong to the humbler classes of society, being of the genus *Apis*—that my remarks would come with better grace from the more fashionable tribe of *Vespa*, or wasp, who live in lofty houses, are waspish in their exclusiveness, and the tight-laced smallness of their waists, and who are supposed to rule the fashions; or, at least, that we must look for reform to the middle class—the honey or hive-bees, who represent the enterprise and wealth of the world. But I object to your classification. My species also has its aristocracy and commonality—its queen-bee, drones and workers—although we all live in thatched huts. Your objection would amount only to this, that a working humble bee should stand aside, and let a queen or drone lay down the law. But what proof have you that I am of the humbler caste of Bumble-bee?—a name I herewith resume, being fortified by the Latin word *bombus*, which signifieth a buzzing as of bees; I might possibly submit to the appellation Humming-bee, though that is not so expressive as Bumble.

I claim a peculiar fitness as a critic of costume. You may have observed my roundabout of yellow plush, worn over my long-tailed dress coat of gauze, known as wings; you may have noticed the long stiff beard that covers my whole head and person. Evidently, sirs, my taste in dress is unimpeachable, and my experience in beards is of long standing—to say nothing of the exquisitely straw-colored gloves of wax, or pollen, which I put on when abroad, and not to mention my *sting*, which is a sufficient qualification for a critic, as things go. Moreover, I have long tested the advantages of an unchangeable fashion. And, furthermore, I am a wild bee, in a free, perfect, glorious state of nature, and, therefore, my reason is unbiased by conventional notions.

But, what is more than all, my observation is very extended. How could it be otherwise, when my enormous, prominent, compound eyes (please observe the huge power of language pre-negotiably referable to the size of those organs) can, in the words of Agassiz, "See equally well in all directions, before, behind, or laterally." Besides, no place is safe from my erratic intrusion. I boom, through the world, blundering into windows, and buzzing around people, even when they are at their toilets, just as if I were a brainless bottle-fly. But I have

any object. I am "studying the habits" of you human bees; precisely as your Hubers and Von Linnæuses, and other Von Bugbothers have been poking and "studying" us insects.

Thus do I know that a great multitude of intelligent men and women groan under the despotism of dress and custom. I have seen the mildest-tempered people fret at the complicated, tedious trouble of every morning's dressing—some of them almost driven to the desperation of the Englishman who left a note of apology for his suicide, stating that he was "tired of buttoning and unbuttoning." I have seen gentle-minded men, who would not hurt a fly, and whose sensitive, sympathetic temperament is indicated by their fair hair and delicate skins, gnash their teeth at the daily, unavoidable, bloody laceration of their faces in shaving. I have seen them indignantly kick off their hot foot-gear, violently fling aside their tight broad-cloth, and dash down the stiff hats that leave a mark around the forehead as deep and purple as if made by the hangman's cord. I have seen men ashamed of their fellow-men, for the indelicate style of their garments. I have seen ladies loosen their twenty folds of heated tightness, through sheer faintness, and look aghast at silks ruined by dragging on the ground, and woefully press their eyes, blinded and aching through exposure to the unshaded sun. And a thousand similar miseries have I seen.

But I have heard some things. I have heard young men—to whom heaven usually gives the impulse to inquire, to examine, to protest against wrong, to embrace new ideas—have heard them avow that they would live according to reason, were it not that it would interfere with their start in life. I have heard men of thought and genius say, that they would instantly discard cravat, modish hat, razor, all complications of gear, and wear flowing beard and a more flowing dress, were it not that they would be accused of literary vanity, or transcendental foppery, or a love of eccentricity. I have even heard grave clergymen assert that they would do the same, following the reasonable exterior of apostles, prophets, and the old reformers, were it not that they would be proscribed as dandyified and heretical. I have heard noble women declare that they would apparel themselves according to beauty and comfort, were it not that they would be the laughing-stock of "society." A thousand similar things have I heard.

Now my suggestion—my conclusion of the whole matter—is this: men and women of mature years, of established position and character, of "high respectability," if not "fashion," of unassailable standing in general society, must take the initiation—must lead in all reforms of dress and fashion. There are enough of them who can see things in the light of reason, and can combine together on the side of reason. With them is the responsibility. On their heads will be all the blood of lacerated chins, choked arteries, outraged tempers, enfeebled, deformed humanity, and disgraced nature. If any such persons will not use their impregnable position to promote the reform, they ought to be doomed to shave, to button, to lace, and be squeezed up for ever, in a world of edges, angles, and stiffnesses, where nothing is soft, elastic, curved, or flowing! They deserve to be boxed up and packed off to a square planet, where every leaf is a razor, every flower a button, every ocean starch, every cloud buckram, and where it rains pins, and snows hooks-and-eyes.

Truly yours,

BUMBLE-BEE.

DOMESTIC ART GOSSIP.

We learn that it is in contemplation to erect a chapel at Greenwood, which will add one more to the many attractions of this famous

cemetery. One feature of the edifice is a series of chapels, which owners can decorate according to their own taste and feeling, in the manner of the lateral chapels in some of the great churches in Rome. As there is much feeling among us for monumental Art, this new chapel will afford facilities for it not previously enjoyed. Speaking of monuments, we wonder there is not more attention paid to works in bronze for monumental purposes, so peculiarly adapted as this material is to our changeable climate. For cemeteries, it is especially serviceable, and we would earnestly invite attention to it, among other materials, as one of the best, not only on the score of its durability, but for its intrinsic qualities as a very superior medium for the expression of Art-thoughts.

Most of the landscape artists have migrated to parts unknown. We presume the White and Green Mountains, the Adirondacks, and the Catskills, Lake George and the Hudson River—in short, all the charming nooks of the country, will, this summer, be more or less visited by them; and, in the fall, that we shall enjoy a rich artistic harvest. May the season be propitious!

A NUMBER of copies of "Finden's Gallery of British Art," have recently been sold in this city, and, we regret to say, at a price much below its actual value. This work comprises engravings from some of the best works by the English artists; among them are Turner, Gainsborough, Collins, Wilkie, Stanfield, Leslie, Danby, Mulready, Eastlake, Williams, Etty, and others. The celebrated "Temeraire," by Turner, is one of them. We are not acquainted with a series of engravings representing the English school more faithfully, nor do we know a work of the same description that we can more heartily recommend as a "treasure of Art." It was originally published by subscription, and sold here at the price of two dollars per plate, which price was esteemed a low one; now they can be had bound in one volume, with letter-press, at the rate of about forty-two cents each plate. Messrs. Appleton and Co. have a few copies—the last, we believe, that will ever be sold for the same money.

MRS. LILLY M. SPENCER has, in Mr. Schaus' gallery, three pictures further illustrating her peculiar powers.

We commence in this number a series of papers by a contributor now travelling in the western part of Texas. Our readers will find these papers fresh and vigorous transcripts of Nature in one of her most beautiful and unknown phases, as well as conscientious and artistic, to a degree not commonly met with in narrations of travel.

A FRENCH gentleman has discovered a vehicle for painting, which he calls Colocorium; and believes it identical with that used by Pompeian artists. It is described as brilliant and durable—as having no smell—as capable of being used in any weather.—*Athenæum*.

FOREIGN ART GOSSIP.

Mr. SOLOMON, in his companion pictures—"The Departure" and "The Return"—now on view at Messrs. Colnaghi's, preparatory to passing under the engraver's hands, deals with the sentiment of the moment after a very sentimental and romantic fashion. The scene of "The Departure" is the interior of a second-class railway carriage. A humble and ambitious youth is being whirled to the port of embarkation, attended by a sorrowful mother and sister—committing with a pang of the heart their hope to the risks of storm and war. The scene of "The Return" is a first-class carriage. The youth has realized his dream. He is an officer of rank; and is riding to lay his glory at the feet of those who sent him forth to win it in the service of his country. No longer silent and uneasy, he is telling the story of his career to his companions in the carriage,—an English Brabantio and Desdemona. In the look of the latter lies the future of the hero. These pictures are excellently timed, and will doubtless appeal to many strong hopes and many ardent affections.—*Athenæum*.

In the *Melbourne Argus*, under the novel title of "Art in the Colonies," occurs the following paragraph of Art-news in Australia: "An enterprising artist has recently exposed for sale plaster casts of the 'Greek Slave,' half-life size; but this daring act of his was immediately interfered with, and the statue 'which enchanted the world' as assembled in the Crystal Palace, Hyde Park, has been protested against as unfit for the public view in Victoria"—*Athenæum*.

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